indeuidable, or Poem vnlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heauie, nor *Plautus* too light for the law of writ, and the libertie: these are the onely men.

Ham. O *Iephta* Iudge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou?

Pol. What a treasure had he my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire daughter and no more, the which he loued passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th right old *Iephta*?

Pol. What followes then my Lord?

Ham. Why as by lot God wot, and then you know it came to passe, as most like it was; the first rowe of the pious chanson will show you more, for looke where my abridgement comes.

Enter the Players.

Ham. You are welcome maisters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends, oh old friend, why thy face is valanc'd since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beard mee in *Denmarke?* what my young Ladie and Mistris, my Ladie your Ladiship is neerer to Heauen, then when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voice like a peece of vncurrant gold, be not crackt within the ring: maisters you are all welcome, weele ento't like friendly Faukners, flie at any thing we see, weele haue a speech strait, come giue vs a taste of your qualitie, come a passionate speech.

Player. What speech my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was neuer acted, or if it was, not aboue once, for the play I remember pleasd not the million, t'was caviary to the general, but it was as I receiued it and others, whose iudgements in such matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said there were no sallets in the lines, to make the matter sauory, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection, but cald it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much, more handsome then fine: one speech in't I chiefly loued, t'was *Æneas* talke to *Dido*, and there about of it especially when he speakes of *Priams* slaughter, if it liue in your memory begin at this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged *Pyrhus* like Th'Hircanian Beast,

Beast, tis not it begins
whose sable armes,
Blacke as his purpose
When he lay couched
Hath now this dread
With Heraldy more d
Now is he totall Gule
With blood of fathers
Bak'd and embasted w
Than lend a tirranous
To their Lords murthe
And thus ore-cised wi
VVith eyes like Carbu
Old grandsire *Priam* see
Pol. Foregod my
Play. Anon he find
Striking too short at G
Rebellious to his arme
Repugnant to comman
Pirrhus at *Priam* driues
But with the whiffe an
Th'vnnerued father fall
Seeming to feele this b
Stoopes to his base; an
Takes prisoner *Pirrhus*
Which was declining o
Of reuerent *Priam*, seem
So as a painted tyrant *P*
Like a newtrall to his w
Did nothing:
But as we often see agai
A silence in the heauens
The bould winds speech
As hush as death, anon t
Doth rend the region, s
A rowsed vengeance set
And neuer did the Cyclo
On *Marses* Armor forg'
VVith lesse remorse ther
Now falls on *Priam*.